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some new joy. some fresh token of love from distant friends. until in the fullness of my glad heart. I cry: "Love is everything! and God is Love!"

Helen Keller

Tuscumbia, Ala. Dec. 9th. 1892

HELEN KELLER'S STORY.

Mind, mind alone
Is light and hope and life and power!

The wonder child of the past generation was Laura Bridgman. Her spirit in seven fold measure has fallen on little Helen Keller. Helen is now only twelve years old, and since she was nineteen months old has had neither sight nor hearing. Yet the following sketch of her life was written for the *Youth's Companion* entirely by herself. With the exception of the paragraphing and the insertion of Tommy Stringer's surname, the article is exactly as she wrote it, and there was not a word misspelled nor a mistake of any sort on the manuscript.

The ending of the article, with Helen's signature, is the first she ever wrote with ink. The pencil is the ordinary writing implement of the blind. In order that the page might be photographed, Helen kindly attempted the use of the pen, with excellent result.

Which of our twelve-year-old readers, asks the *Companion*, who has full use of both eyes and ears, could have composed and written, without the least assistance, such an article as this?

I was born twelve years ago, one bright June morning, in Tuscumbia, a pleasant little town in the northern part of Alabama. The beginning of my life was very simple, and very much like the beginning of every other little life; for I could see and hear when I first came to live in this beautiful world. But I did not notice anything in my new home for several days. Content in my mother's tender arms I lay, and smiled as if my little heart were filled with sweetest memories of the world I just had left.

I like to think I lived with God in the beautiful Somewhere before I came here, and that is why I always knew God loved me, even when I had forgotten His name.

But when I did begin to notice things, my blue eyes were filled with wondering joy. I gazed long at the lovely, deep blue sky, and stretched out my tiny hands for the golden sunbeams that came to play hide-and-seek with me. So my happy baby hours went. I grew and cried and laughed, as all infants do.

In the meantime I had a name given to me; I was called Helen, because Helen means light, and my mother liked to think that my life would be full of the brightness of day.

Of course my recollections of my early childhood are very indistinct. I have confused memories of long summer days filled with light, and the voices of the birds singing in the clear sunshine. I seem to remember, as if it were yesterday, being lost in a great green place, where there were beautiful flowers and fragrant trees. I stood under one tall plant, and let its blossoms rest upon my curly head. I saw little flakes of light flitting among the flowers; I suppose they were birds, or perhaps butterflies. I heard a well-known voice calling me, but feeling roguish, I did not answer. I was glad, however, when my mother found me, and carried me away in her arms.

I discovered the true way to walk the day I was a year old, and during the radiant summer days that followed I was never still a minute. My mother watched me coming, going, laughing, playing, prattling, with proud, happy eyes. I was her only child, and she thought there never had been another baby quite so beautiful as her little Helen.

Then when my father came in the evening, I would run to the gate to meet him, and he would take me up in his strong arms, and put back the tangled curls from my face and kiss me many times saying, 'What has my Little Woman been doing to-day?'

But the brightest summer has winter behind it. In the cold, dreary month of February, when I was nineteen months old, I had a serious illness. I still have confused memories of that illness. My mother sat beside my little bed and tried to soothe my feverish moans, while in her troubled heart she prayed: 'Father in Heaven, spare my baby's life!' But the fever grew and flamed in my eyes, and for several days my kind physician thought I would die.

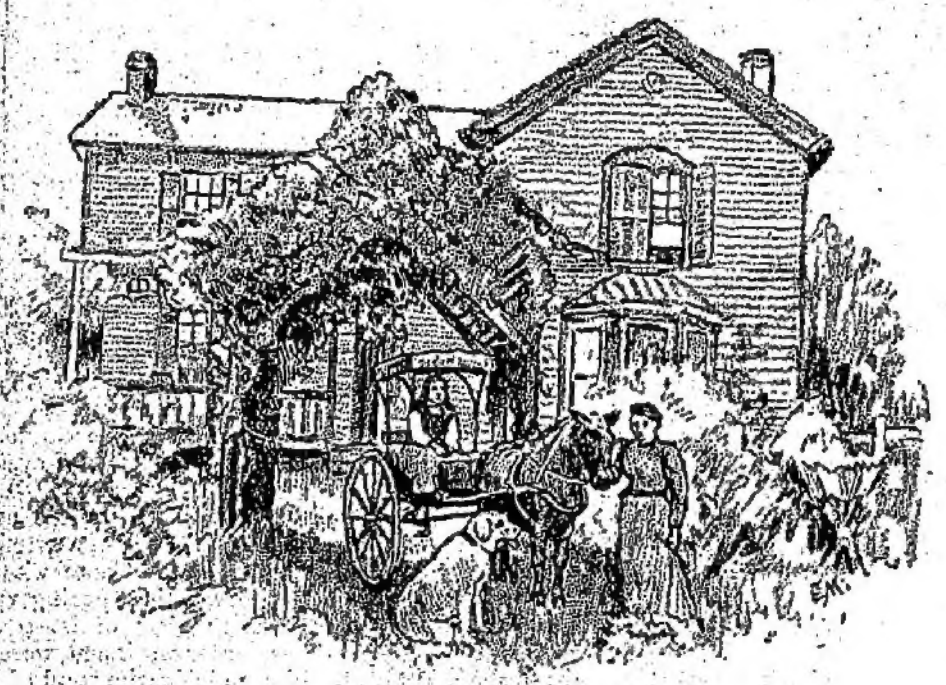
But early one morning the fever left me as mysteriously and unexpectedly as it had come, and I fell into a quiet sleep. Then my parents knew I would live, and they were very happy. They did not know for some time after my recovery that the cruel fever had taken my sight and hearing; taken all the light and music and gladness out of my little life.

By and by the sad truth dawned upon them, and the thought that their little daughter would never more see the beautiful light or hear the voices she loved filled their hearts with anguish.

But I was too young to realize what had happened. When I awoke and found that all was dark and still, I suppose I thought it was night, and I must have wondered why day was so long coming. Gradually, however, I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me, and forgot that it had ever been day.

I forgot everything that had been, except my mother's tender love. Soon even my childish voice was stilled, because I had ceased to hear any sound.

But all was not lost! After all, sight and hearing are but two of the beautiful blessings which God had given me. The most precious, the most wonderful of His



HELEN KELLER'S HOME.

gifts was still mine. My mind remained clear and active, 'though fled fore'er the light.'

As soon as my strength returned, I began to take an interest in what the people around me were doing. I would cling to my mother's dress as she went about her household duties, and my little hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned a great many things.

When I was a little older I felt the need of some means of communication with those around me, and I began to make simple signs which my parents and friends really understood; but it often happened that I was unable to express my thoughts intelligibly, and at such times I would give way to my angry feelings utterly.

Of course my parents were very anxious about me when I behaved so ill, and they tried to think of some way of having me educated. Finally, they decided that I must have a teacher. My father wrote to Mr. Anagnos, the director of the institution where Laura Bridgman had been taught, and asked him if he could send his little daughter a kind teacher. Dear Mr. Anagnos replied that he could. That was in the summer of 1886. I was then six years old.

My little sister Mildred came to us the following October. One day I discovered a beautiful doll—at least I thought it was a doll, but really it was a lovely little baby—in Nancy's cradle. Nancy was a big, much petted and sadly abused rag-doll. I was delighted with the baby at first, but after a while she seemed much in the way. I thought my mother's love and care all belonged to me, and I began to look upon my sweet sister as an intruder.

It was March before my teacher came to me. The earth was beginning to feel its great heart astir with new life. The fruit-trees were blooming, and in the garden the mocking-birds were building their nests anew. Oh, how well I remember the evening when she came! My mother had made me understand in a dim way that a lady was coming who would have something to do with me.

I was standing on the porch when teacher arrived. I had been waiting there ever since my mother kissed me and went to the station to meet the strange lady. I can imagine it all now. There I stood, clinging to the lattice of the porch, wistfully waiting for I knew not what.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon my hair and softly kissed my upturned face. Suddenly I felt approaching footsteps; they came nearer; I stretched out my little hand eagerly; some one took it, and in another instant I was in my teacher's arms. I felt her face and hands curiously, and let her kiss me, while feelings that I cannot describe entered my heart.

We could not speak to each other; I could not ask her why she had come. Yet I am sure I felt, in a vague, bewildered way that something beautiful was going to happen me. I knew the strange lady loved me, and that her love would make my life sweet and good and happy.

The morning after teacher came I went to her room, and found her very busy unpacking her trunk; but she did not send me away. She let me stay and help her. When everything was in its place, she kissed me kindly and gave me a beautiful doll. Oh, she was a lovely and delicate doll, with long curly hair and eyes that opened and shut and pouting lips. But exquisite as she was, my curiosity concerning her was soon satisfied, and she lay untouched in my lap.

Then teacher took my hand and slowly made the letters d-o-l-l with her fingers, at the same time making me touch the doll.

Of course I did not know the motions meant letters. I did not know what letters were; but I was interested in the finger-play, and tried to imitate the motions, and I think I succeeded in spelling 'doll' in a very little while. Then I ran down-stairs to show my new doll to my mother, and I am sure she was surprised and pleased when I held up my little hand and made the letters for doll.

That afternoon, besides 'doll,' I learned to spell 'pin' and 'hat;' but I did not understand that everything had a name.

Teacher had been with me nearly two weeks, and I had learned eighteen or twenty words, before that thought flashed into my mind, as the sun breaks upon the sleeping world; and in that moment of illumination the secret of language was revealed to me, and I caught a glimpse of the beautiful country I was about to explore.

Teacher had been trying all morning to make me understand that the mug and the milk in the mug had different names; but I was very dull, and kept spelling 'milk' for mug and 'mug' for milk until teacher must have lost all hope of making me see my mistake. At last she got up, gave me the mug, and led me out of the door to the pump-house. Some one was pumping water, and as the cool, fresh stream burst forth, teacher made me put my mug under the spout and spelled w-a-t-e-r. Water!

The word startled my soul, and it awoke, full of the spirit of the morning, full of joyous, exultant song. Until that day my mind had been like a darkened chamber, waiting for words to enter and light the lamp, which is thought.

(To be Continued.)

HELP OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN BIBLE STUDY.

BY REV. J. B. KANAGA, A.M.

Bible study is a common Christian privilege and duty. As a means of personal edification no one can afford to neglect it. We are admonished not only to grow in grace but also in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. The great Teacher commanded us to 'search the Scriptures,' and then added as a sufficient incentive, 'for in them ye think ye have eternal life. and they are they that testify of me.' In His high-priestly prayer we find this petition: 'Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.' The Old Testament saints put great honor upon the Word of God. The ideal saint of the Psalmist was one who delighted in the law of the Lord, and in that law meditated day and night. This use of the Word the teacher should never neglect. To confine Bible study to the limit and purpose of class work endangers our growth in knowledge and grace, while we go through routine duties in only a perfunctory manner. A general reading of Scripture for the freshening of our spiritual life is indeed a part of preparation for teaching. Piety in the teacher is paramount. If living is better than longing, and deeds than dreams, better than either is *being*. Being is doing—the most effective service any can render. We teach best by what we are. Therefore the sanctifying agency of the Holy Spirit is indispensable to the utmost efficiency of the teacher. The perfect will of God must be done in you before it can be done by you and through you. Until the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost has been experienced, no one is qualified to teach the Divine truth of redemption, whatever be their natural or acquired abilities.

After we enjoy the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, we still have need of His continuous help in the work of specific preparation for teaching. It is impossible to fully comprehend the contents of this book without the aid of the Author. We may gather a great amount of useful information and guiding principles of moral action from the holy oracles without any special Divine help; but to so know the truth as to be made free—to be made wise unto salvation through faith in Christ and be able to lead others into this blessed experience we must have our natural faculties supernaturally assisted. The lesson may seem on the surface to be only a fragment of ancient history with only a few plain and practical inferences for us. But to the earnest Bible student, under the conscious guidance of the Holy Spirit, the historical event may illustrate some of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion or some of the profoundest principles of the moral government of God. The same event may, to the spiritually minded, be full of helpful suggestions for every-day Christian life. We cannot discover the deepest significance of even the simplest portions of holy writ without the help of Him who is given to guide us into all truth and all the truth of a particular passage of God's Word. Those who have been of most service in opening up the Word to the clear view of the common people and as master workmen were able always to rightly divide the word of truth have owned their utter dependence on Him who alone is competent to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. Without His help Bible study will be to little purpose. The self-confident approach to the ark of the covenant by Uzziah was signally reproved. Let us not repeat his folly lest a worse judgment come upon us. The temple of inspired truth stands invitingly open to all, but enter only under the guidance of Him who abides there. Bible study, by the help of the Holy Spirit, will contribute largely to growth in grace and increase incalculably your efficiency in any capacity in which you may be called to serve in the church.—*Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.*

AFTER CHURCH.

A Chicago paper says: Have you ever noticed how we Americans close our services? I have often deplored it. As soon as the benediction is pronounced people make a break for the door as though they were running for a train. I could not but be impressed with the change in English churches; the benediction is pronounced, the people stand a moment, and then reverently sit down; wraps are adjusted, gloves put on: a friendly word is exchanged, and then in a quiet and orderly way they go out. That is as it should be. But watch your congregation next Sunday.

EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW.

A most remarkable event was a vast Hindoo conference recently held at Benares, India, to take steps toward saving Hindooism from the triumphs of Christianity. There was set apart a day for special prayer to the Hindoo gods for the preservation of the religion. This is probably the first time that such a thing has been done in any pagan land, and it is a great concession to the growing power of Christianity.—*Herald of Mission News.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18, 1894.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM.—Gen. 18: 22-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"—Gen. 18: 25.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 13: 1-8.—Angels Entertained.
T. Gen. 18: 20-32.—The Intercession of Abraham.
W. Ex. 32: 7-25.—The Intercession of Moses.
Th. 2 Sam. 21: 10-26.—The Intercession of David.
F. Neh. 1: 1-11.—The Intercession of Nehemiah.
S. John 17: 1-26.—The Intercession of Christ.
S. Rom. 8: 15-28.—The Intercession of the Spirit.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Peril of Sodom, vs. 22, 23.
II. The Intercession of Abraham. vs. 24-32.
III. The Mercy of God. v. 33.

TIME.—B.C. 1897, soon after last lesson.

PLACE.—Hebron, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The events of this lesson took place soon after those of the last lesson. Abraham received three heavenly visitants and entertained them in his tent in the plains of Mamre. One of these was the Lord, the Angel of the Covenant. The promise of the birth of Isaac was renewed. The Lord made known to Abraham his purpose to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. Abraham interceded with him in their behalf, as recorded in this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

23. *Abraham drew near*—to the Lord, who remained after the two had gone. *Wilt thou also*—an appeal to God's justice. 25. *That be far from thee*—"I know that thou will not do unjustly." 26. *The Lord said*—God's readiness to grant Abraham's prayer is very wonderful. 27. *Dust and ashes*—unworthy. 30. *Let not the Lord be angry*—he continues his intercession with great humility. 33. *Left communing*—when Abraham ceased interceding. (See John 16: 23.) *His place*—his tent under the oak.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did God promise to Abram? What change was made in his name? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE PERIL OF SODOM, vs. 22, 23.—What purpose did the Lord make known to Abraham? What reason did he give for telling Abraham of his purpose? Why was he about to destoy Sodom and Gomorrah?

II. THE INTERCESSION OF ABRAHAM, vs. 24-32.—How did Abraham approach God? What did he ask? How did he enforce his intercession? What was the Lord's answer? For what did he then pray? How did he continue his prayer? How was Abraham like Christ? Heb. 7: 25. How does Christ execute the office of a priest?

III. THE MERCY OF GOD, v. 33.—How many times did Abraham pray for Sodom? What was his first prayer? What was his last prayer? What did the Lord say? What did this show? What did Jesus say of his disciples? Matt. 6: 13. What evil days did he promise should be shortened for the elect's sake? Matt. 24: 22. What did our Saviour say in Luke 18: 1? What is said of the prayers of the righteous? James 5: 16.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is a great privilege to have good parents and friends to pray for us.
2. God spares the wicked for the sake of the righteous.
3. We must pray not for ourselves only, but for others also.
4. We must be humble, earnest and importunate in our prayers.
5. Christ ever liveth to make intercession for us, and him the Father heareth always.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What had the Lord determined to do? Ans. He had determined to destroy Sodom for its sins.
2. For whose sake did Abraham plead with the Lord to spare Sodom? Ans. The righteous people in the city.
3. For what number did the Lord first promise to spare the city? Ans. If fifty righteous people were in it.
4. For how few righteous people did he finally promise to spare the city? Ans. If ten should be found in it.
5. What did this show? Ans. The Lord's willingness to save.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11, 1894.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

Gen. 17: 1-9.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness."—Gen. 15: 6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 13: 1-18.—Abram and Lot.
T. Gen. 14: 12-24.—Abram and Melchizedek.
W. Gen. 15: 1-21.—God's Covenant with Abram.
Th. Gen. 17: 1-8.—The Covenant Renewed.
F. Gal. 3: 10-29.—Heirs According to the Promise
S. Rom. 4: 1-18.—Righteousness by Faith.
S. Rom. 10: 1-21.—Christ our Righteousness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A New Promise. vs. 1-4.
II. A New Name. vs. 5-7.
III. A New Country. vs. 8, 9.

TIME.—B.C. 1898.

PLACE.—Hebron, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

There are twenty-four years between the date of this lesson and the last. The leading events are—Abram's sojourn in Egypt; his return to Canaan; his separation from Lot; the incursion of Chedorlaomer and the captivity of Lot; Abram rescues Lot; is met by Melchizedek; the covenant with Abram; Abram makes Hagar his wife; flight of Hagar; her return and the birth of Ishmael; the covenant renewed; and the names of Abram and Sarai changed to Abraham and Sarah. Study the intervening chapters—12-16.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *When Abram was ninety years old and nine*—twenty-four years after his departure from Haran, and thirteen years after the birth of Ishmael. *The Lord appeared to Abram*—in some visible form. *The Almighty God*—able to fulfill his promises. *Walk before me*—conscious of my presence. *Be thou perfect*—upright, sincere. 3. *Fell on his face*—in awe and worship. 4. *My covenant is with thee*—the covenant already made with him. 5. *Abram*—"high father." *But Abraham*—"father of a multitude," as the next clause explains. 7. *An everlasting covenant*—to stand forever. 8. *I will give unto thee, . . . to Israel*—It had been previously promised to Abraham and his posterity (chap. 15: 18.) Here it was promised as an 'everlasting possession,' and was therefore a type of heaven. Heb. 11: 16. *I will be their God*—a promise and pledge of all spiritual blessings.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What were the leading events of this period? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A NEW PROMISE, vs. 1-4.—When did the Lord appear to Abram? By what name did he declare himself? What command did he give? What did Abram do? What did the Lord promise him?

II. A NEW NAME, vs. 5-7.—What new name did the Lord give Abram? Meaning of *Abram*? Of *Abraham*? Why was this new name given? For what promises was this new name the pledge? Who are meant by the seed of Abraham?

III. A NEW COUNTRY, vs. 8, 9.—What new country did the Lord promise to Abraham and his seed? For how long were they to possess this new country? Meaning of *I will be their God*? Of what is the land of Canaan a type? To whom is heaven promised for an everlasting possession? What did the Lord require of Abraham?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord is almighty, and able to fulfill all the promises of his covenant.
2. His people should trust in his truth and love.
3. He will never fail those who trust in him.
4. The covenant with Abraham includes believers in Christ, the promised Seed of Abraham.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did the Lord reveal himself to Abram? Ans. The Lord appeared to Abram and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.
2. What did the Lord say to Abram of his covenant? Ans. As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations.
3. What token did the Lord give as a pledge of this covenant? Ans. The Lord said, Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee.
4. What did the Lord promise in the covenant? Ans. I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee.
5. What duty did God require of Abraham? Ans. God said unto Abraham, Thou shalt keep my covenant therefore, thou, and thy seed after thee in their generations.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SEND FOR THE DOCTOR.

Very often the doctor, if called upon the first intimation of a cold, or the first inroad of an illness, is able to prevent the trouble from becoming seated. We, who belong to the laity, cannot discern as the professional man, with his quick insight and trained skill, the initial signs of disease. Even the mother, accustomed to taking care of her children when they are 'under the weather,' may not invariably attach the requisite importance to a symptom which may mean nothing dangerous, but which, on the other hand, may be a warning or a menace. Many attacks of illness begin with a slight chill and nausea. An overloaded stomach, or a check of perspiration may have caused either, but, send for the doctor, and do not take risks, which you may regret when it is too late.

A little fellow complained of feeling ill one Sunday, just as the family were preparing for church. There did not appear to be much amiss, but the mother remained at home, and the father left a call for the physician on his way to service. The boy lay in bed, entertained by a book which his mother read to him, and when the good doctor arrived, he was ushered into the sick chamber with a word of apology. Nevertheless, the little man, though his parents did not suspect it when they sent for their good advisor, was already in great peril, and went almost to death's door before he rallied. The timely putting to bed, and the early sending for the doctor, providentially speaking, saved his life.

Many a slight cold, neglected, becomes pneumonia. Many a tired woman, not yet ill, but simply tired, is on the way to be ill, and the doctor can speak with authority in her case, as no other person can. Give him a chance.

In these days your family physician does not always give you drugs. Rest, food, fresh air, sleep, travel, change of employment, judicious exercise, are among his prescriptions. But he cannot help you unless you send for him.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A NEEDED REFORM.

Mrs. Curtis ran into the next door neighbor's one evening, and found her usually bright friend in no very good humor. In answer to a sally regarding her mood, Mrs. Gladdis said: 'Yes, I am out of patience most completely. This afternoon on going to the door to answer the bell I found Mrs. Cox and Mabel. Almost before I recognized them, I saw to my consternation, clutched in Mabel's chubby hand, my cherished Martha Washington geranium, which I had worked so hard to make bloom, and which I only set out this morning on the porch with the other plants. As my glance rested on the flower, Mrs. Cox remarked: "Mabel is so fond of flowers that I hate to deny her."

'I said nothing, being too indignant to say anything pleasant; for what right had she to let the child pluck my flowers? and she had not only taken the blossoms, but the entire top of the plant.

'Mrs. Cox had brought her work and come to spend the afternoon. Soon Mabel asked for something to eat, and being out of cake I gave her some bread and butter. She wandered about the rooms, dropping crumbs here and there, getting butter on her fingers and then fingering the furniture; but not one word of reproof did her mother utter, and I did not dare to, she is so easily offended.

'Finally, after having eaten all she wanted, Mabel amused herself by crumbling the remainder of the bread and pressing and patting it into the seat of my best plush chair. I remonstrated then, but the mother only said: "Why, Mabel!" and calmly went on with her embroidery. Although I spent a full hour after they were gone in cleaning up, I have not taken all her greasy finger marks off things.

'When Ralph came home from school, Mabel caught sight of his book satchel, and cried till her mother gave it to her. In dragging it about, she managed to pull one handle loose.

'After playing with shovel and tongs she left them on my new white fur rug, leaving sooty marks on it; and being attracted by my books, took one of the choicest volumes in her dirty hands, and did not put it up till one of the engravings was badly torn and the book filled with finger-marks.

'I tell you it makes me fairly savage to think about these things,' added Mrs. Gladdis, 'for Mrs. Cox is not the only mother who is so careless.

'Not long ago Mrs. Hineman brought her two boys to spend the afternoon. They moved my best chairs in line to play 'cars,' then climbed over them in a shocking way. When they were gone I took an inventory of damages, and found a number of scratches on the woodwork, the ornaments on the headrest completely ruined, a delicate scarf, the present of a dear friend, so badly torn that I fear it cannot be repaired, and I might give many other instances just as bad.

'The children are not the only troublesome guests I have,' continued Mrs. Gladdis.

'You know friends came from a distance to spend a week with us this summer. After they were gone it took me days to get the house in order. Books, papers, magazines, and many other articles had been carried to all parts of the house, and not one thing ever returned to its proper place. One choice volume of poems was even left out of doors over night, and a rain coming up was completely ruined.

'When Miss Clayton was here, not once in two weeks did she come to breakfast on time, and when we were invited to Mrs. Hart's to tea, it took her so long to dress that we were a full half hour late.

'When Mr. Ambrose was here last winter he would sift the ashes from his cigar on the cover of the library table, and forgetting to remove his rubbers after being out in the snow and slush, track hall and parlor carpets.

'But there!' laughed Mrs. Gladdis, 'I know you'll think I'm wound up and can't stop. I would not have afflicted you with such "a tale of woe" were it not that we read so much about our duty to our guests; and I want you to use your pen in our behalf. Have not our guests some duty toward us?'

Remembering the old adage, 'A word to the wise is sufficient,' it occurred to me that perhaps the best way would be to repeat Mrs. Gladdis 'tale of woe'—*Clara Sensibaugh Everts, in Housekeeper.*

HOW TO MAKE BEANS DELICIOUS.

The process of baking beans is very simple, and yet it requires a great deal of explanation to any one who is not a New-Englander. In the first place, you must have a bean pot of earthen-ware (like common flower-pots), glazed inside, and having a comparatively small neck or mouth. For a quart of dry beans you need a three-quart bean pot. Pick over, and wash thoroughly in cold water a quart of dry beans. The pea bean is best, but not the California pea bean, which is tasteless. Drain the beans, and put them into the bean pot with half a pound of well-mixed salt pork, gashed, the gashed surface a little above the beans in which the pork is imbedded. Put in cold water enough to more than cover them, having the bean pot about two-thirds full.

If the pork is not very lean, it is a good plan to add a teaspoonful of salt, also one of sugar. Some add a teaspoonful of ground mustard and use molasses instead of sugar, but the latter I would not recommend. Some like a small onion baked with the beans, but this is not agreeable to an old-fashioned New England housekeeper.

Put the beans into the oven in the early forenoon, and bake them eight or ten hours in a moderately hot oven, adding hot water from time to time. Above all things, do not let them cook dry. Some like more pork, but I think the above is about right. Use cold water at the beginning and the beans will keep whole. Let the pork get nicely browned and crispy.

This rule is for new beans. If the beans are old and very dry, they should be soaked over night, or parboiled till the outer skins crack. Then proceed as above. It is useless to try to have baked beans unless you have the right kind of a bean pot. Tomato catsup or piccalilli goes well with beans.—*Mary T. Loughlin.*

KITCHEN NOTES.

BY MARY FERGUSON.

It should be one of the 'by-laws' of kitchen government that the vessels used for the reception of refuse and garbage should be most scrupulously and constantly looked after. Persons who are otherwise neat not infrequently overlook this important duty. It is not, of course, necessary to keep them clean for the sake of the garbage, but it is most important to keep them thoroughly cleansed for the sake of the family health; if they are allowed to become foul they are certain to become pestilential. A few moments daily, devoted to the application of a solution of lye or sal-soda to these vessels, may save physical degeneration, severe illness, or perhaps long years of desolation from the loss of loved ones by premature death. A little whisk broom should be kept for the purpose of cleansing the pails or tubs used for garbage, and every portion should be scrubbed with this disinfecting solution, then the vessel should be thoroughly rinsed and set in the sun and air to dry and purify.

By keeping an oyster shell in the tea-kettle, the sometime gathering of 'crust' in the inside of the kettle is avoided; and by placing oyster shells on the top of the hot coals in the range, it will be found that as they burn away, they bear with them any clinkers which may have formed or attached themselves to the fire-bricks.

It is of interest to the careful, thrifty housewife to know that earthenware, which is to be used for baking or cooking, may be tempered by placing the articles in cold water, with some protecting articles or substance between them and the bottom of the vessel containing the water, and allowing the water to come to a boil about them. They are then removed from the fire, but not from the water, in which they are left standing until it has again become cold.

Glassware may be successfully treated in the same way. Lamp chimneys subjected to this process lose their tendency to excessive brittleness.

Charcoal is known to possess strong purifying qualities, and it is said that by placing a good sized piece of it in the refrigerator, renewing it every week, it will aid in keeping that useful article in a sweet and wholesome condition.

Children always love to 'paste,' and the housekeeper will often find it convenient for herself, as well as a means of conferring joy on her little ones, to have a jar of paste always on hand and ready for use. I find among my papers directions for making a paste, which I will transcribe:

'Dissolve a dessertspoonful of alum in two quarts of tepid water. Put the water in a tin pail that will hold six or eight quarts, as the flour will expand greatly when boiling. When the tepid water has cooled, stir into it good wheat or rye flour, until it is of the consistency of cream, being careful that none of the flour remains in lumps. Then place over the fire a kettle partly filled with water, and set the tin pail containing the paste material in it, having first put beneath it some nails or pebbles so there may be no danger of the paste's scorching. Add to the paste material a teaspoonful of powdered resin, a few cloves, as flavoring, and let it cook until it becomes as thick as mush. Put in a tight jar, and it will keep a long time.' It can be softened if necessary, when a portion is taken out for use, by adding a little warm water.

It is possible, it is claimed, to get rid of ants, roaches and other pantry pests by washing the places they haunt with copperas water, and then sprinkling copperas in every chink and crevice. A writer in the *Scientific American*, some time ago, claimed that he had been able to rid his premises of undesirable tenants by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with the compound. He put, he said, crystals of copperas in every crevice into, or from, which a rat might go or come, and scattered them about the corners of the room, and was rewarded by the disappearance of rats and mice, which not only went away but stayed away. Each spring he had his cellar treated in this way, not alone because it secured immunity from the presence and depredations of rats and mice, but because it also served as a disinfectant and purifier for the whole house.—*New York Observer.*

PARENTS SHOULD TAKE HEED.

We have been constrained on many occasions to call the attention of parents to the indifference and almost criminal neglect which many manifest concerning the kind of reading which occupies the attention of their children. In a majority of families the youthful members are left without direction or scrutiny in this most important and influential matter. Instead of putting into their hands the unobjectionable book, the standard magazine, and the clean newspaper, the children are incited by evil companions to read excitable, idle and wholly poisonous stories. It is a striking confirmation and commentary upon this fact that William A. Pinkerton, in writing of 'Highwaymen of the Railway,' in the November *North American Review*, says:—

'One of the reasons for the recent epidemic of train robberies may be found in the general business depression. It is, however, also largely due, in my opinion, to the reading of yellow-covered novels. Country lads get their minds inflamed with this class of literature. Professional thieves or designing men find among this class many who are willing to go into their schemes. The majority of these robbers are recruited from among the grown boys or young men of small country towns. They start in as amateurs under an experienced leader. They become infatuated with the work, and never give it up until arrested or killed. I recollect a case where three boys, aged respectively seventeen, twenty-one and twenty-six, 'held up' a train near Emmett, Ark., in 1882, and took from the Pacific Express about $9,000 and from the passengers about $1,500. The conductor of the train ran one of them down and brought him back, the other two escaped, but were eventually arrested in the Indian Territory. They were convicted and sentenced to seventy years each in State's prison. One of these was a mere lad, who had seen a railway train for the first time to "hold it up."'

RECIPES.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.—Fresh boiled rice, with the juice of roast beef or mutton, and served on a piece of toast is nice.

SOUR CREAM MUFFINS.—One cupful of sour cream, one egg well beaten, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, flour to make a stiff batter that will drop from the spoon. Half fill well buttered muffin rings and bake quickly.

APPLE JOHNNY CAKE.—Two cupfuls of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, milk to mix quite soft, three tart apples, pared, cored and sliced. Bake in a shallow oblong tin about half an hour.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.—Half a cup of sugar, a cup and a half of molasses, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, a teacup of sour milk or of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour, cloves and ginger to taste, and flour to make rather a stiff batter.

POTATO SALAD.—Peel the potatoes as soon as done, slice them thin, and mix with them, for every quart of potato, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, an apple chopped fine, and a small onion. Use chopped herbs for seasoning if you like. Serve cold.

CORN OMELET.—Strain through a meat squeezer a pint of grated corn. To the clear pulp thus obtained add six well-beaten eggs, a teacup of milk, seasoning to taste. Pour into a buttered frying pan and cook very slowly, finishing it in a warm oven till the egg is just done. This is delicious.

POTATO SOUFFLE.—Put one cup of mashed potato in a saucepan over the fire. Have ready the yolk of one egg beaten light, a large tablespoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of butter. Add these to the potato, stirring until smooth and light, whisk in the white of an egg beaten stiff. Put the mixture in a buttered pudding-dish and bake ten minutes.

JELLIED APPLES.—Butter a pudding dish and fill it with tart apples pared, quartered and cored, sprinkling a bit of cinnamon or other flavoring among them. Pour over a teacupful of cold water and one of sugar, cover closely with a plate, set the dish into a large vessel of hot water and cook in the oven three hours. When cold it can be turned out in a jellied mass. Serve as above or with any cold sauce preferred.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Mix together two cupfuls of graham flour, one of milk, one of chopped raisins, a cupful of molasses and one egg beaten light, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda, dissolved in a little water. Pour into the pudding pan, allowing plenty of room to rise. Cover tightly and boil three hours, adding boiling water as the water around the pudding dish wastes. Serve with any kind of sweet sauce.

BEST FRIED OYSTERS.—You must dry the oyster so far if possible before you put it on to fry. The best coating ingredient is fine sifted corn meal. Put plenty of lard in a deep kettle to heat. When it boils and bubbles and fizzes, mop your oysters in lightly, or lay them in with a skimmer. They should brown all over almost immediately, first plumping out in a wonderful fashion. The meal also cooks at once, whereas flour and eggs do not. Now to finish your work, serve them as quickly as you can on a piping hot dish, with parsley crisped in cold water around, add slices of lemon as a garnish. You must sift salt and pepper to taste with the corn meal.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

I do not suppose that there is any one in this room who has not occasionally blown a common soap-bubble, and while admiring the perfection of its form, and the marvellous brilliancy of its colors, wondered how it is that such a magnificent object can be so easily produced.

I hope that none of you are yet tired of playing with bubbles, because, as I hope we shall see soon, there is more in a common bubble than those who have only played with them generally imagine.

The wonder and admiration so beautifully portrayed by Millais in a picture, copies of which, thanks to modern advertising enterprise, some of you may possibly have seen, will, I hope, in no way fall away in consequence of these lectures; I think you will find that it will grow as your knowledge of the subject increases. You may be interested to hear that we are not the only juveniles who have played with bubbles. Ages ago children did the same, and though no mention of this is made by any of the classical authors, we know that they did, because there is an Etruscan vase in the Louvre in Paris of the greatest antiquity, on which children are represented blowing bubbles with a pipe.

It is possible that some of you may like to know why I have chosen soap-bubbles as my subject; if so, I am glad to tell you. Though there are many subjects which might seem to a beginner to be more wonderful, more brilliant, or more exciting, there are few which so directly bear upon the things which we see every day. You cannot pour water from a jug or tea from a tea-pot; you cannot even do anything with a liquid of any kind, without setting in action the forces to which I am about to direct your attention. You cannot then fail to be frequently reminded of what you will hear and see in this room, and, what is perhaps most important of all, many of the things I am going to show you are so simple that you will be able without any apparatus to repeat for yourselves the experiments which I have prepared, and this you will find more interesting and instructive than merely listening to me and watching what I do.

There is one more thing I should like to explain, and that is why I am going to show experiments at all. You will at once answer because it would be so dreadfully dull if I didn't. Perhaps it would. But that is not the only reason. I would remind you then that when we want to find out anything that we do not know, there are two ways of proceeding. We may either ask somebody else who does know, or read what the most learned men have written about it, which is a very good plan if anybody happens to be able to answer our question; or else we may adopt the other plan, and by arranging an experiment, try for ourselves. An experiment is a question which we ask of Nature, who is always ready to give a correct answer, provided we ask properly, that is, provided we arrange a proper experiment. An experiment is not a conjuring trick, something simply to make you wonder, nor is it simply shown because it is beautiful, or

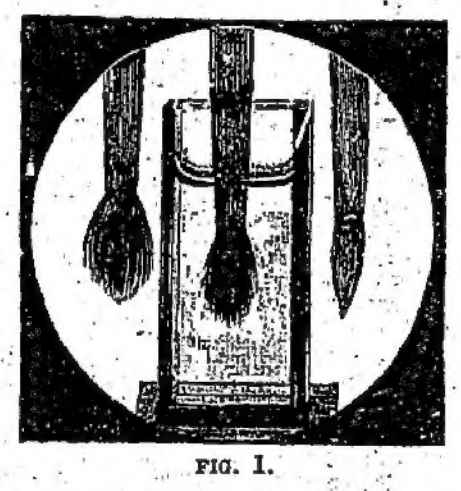


FIG. 1.

because it serves to relieve the monotony of a lecture; if any of the experiments I show are beautiful, or do serve to make these lectures a little less dull, so much the better; but their chief object is to enable you to see for yourselves what the true answers are to questions that I shall ask.

Now I shall begin by performing an experiment which you have all probably tried dozens of times. I have in my hand a common camel's hair brush. If you want to make the hairs cling together and come to a point, you wet it, and then you say the hairs cling together because the brush is wet. Now let us try the experiment; but as you cannot see this brush across the room, I hold it in front of the lantern, and you can see it enlarged upon the screen (Fig 1, left hand). Now it is dry, and the hairs are separately visible. I am now dipping it in the water, as you can see, and on taking it out, the hairs, as we expected, cling together (Fig. 1, right hand), because they are wet, as we are in the habit of saying. I shall now hold the brush in the water, but there it is evident that the hairs do not cling at all (Fig. 1, middle), and yet they surely are wet now, being actually in the water. It would appear then that the reason which we always give is not exactly correct. This experiment, which requires nothing more than a brush and a glass of water, then shows that the hairs of a brush cling together not only because they are wet, but for some other reason as well which we do not yet know. It also shows that a very common belief as to opening our eyes under water is not founded on fact. It is very commonly said that if you dive into the water with your eyes shut you cannot see properly when you open them under water, because the water gums the eyelashes down over the eyes; and therefore you must dive in with your eyes open if you wish to see under water. Now as a matter of fact this is not the case at all; it makes no difference whether your eyes are open or not when you dive in, you can open them and see just as well either way. In the case of the brush we have seen that water does not cause the hairs to cling together or to anything else when under the water, it is only when taken out that this is the case. The experiment, though it has not explained why the hairs cling together, has at any rate told us that the reason always given is not sufficient.

I shall now try another experiment as simple as the last. I have a pipe from

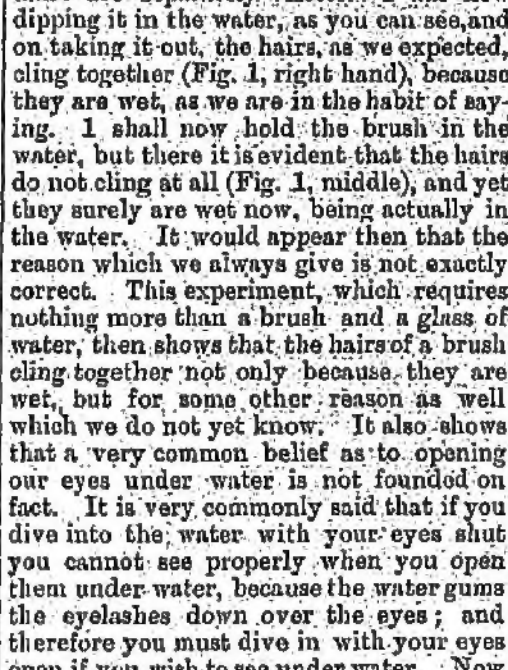


FIG. 2.

which water is very slowly issuing, but it does not fall away continuously; a drop forms which slowly grows until it has attained a certain definite size, and then it suddenly falls away. I want you to notice that every time this happens the drop is always exactly the same size and shape. Now this cannot be mere chance; there must be some reason for the definite size, and shape. Why does the water remain at all? It is heavy and is ready to fall, but it does not fall; it remains clinging until it is a certain size, and then it suddenly breaks away, as if whatever held it was not strong enough to carry a greater weight. Mr. Worthington has carefully drawn on a magnified scale the exact shape of a drop of water of different sizes, and these you now see upon the diagram on the wall (Fig. 2). These diagrams will probably suggest the idea that the water is hanging suspended in an elastic bag, and that the bag breaks or is torn away when there is too great a weight for it to carry. It is true there is no bag at all really, but yet the drops take a shape which suggests an elastic bag. To show you that this is no fancy, I have supported by a tripod a large ring of wood over which a thin sheet of india-rubber has been stretched, and now on allowing water to pour in from this pipe you will see the rubber slowly stretching under the increasing weight, and, what I especially want you to notice, it always assumes a form like those in the diagram. As the weight of water increases the bag stretches, and now that there is about a pailful of water in it, it is going to a state which indicates that it cannot last much longer; it is like the water-drop just before it falls away, and now suddenly it changes its shape (Fig. 3) and it would immediately tear itself away if it were not for the fact that india-rubber does not stretch indefinitely; after a time it gets tight and will withstand a greater pull without giving way. You therefore see

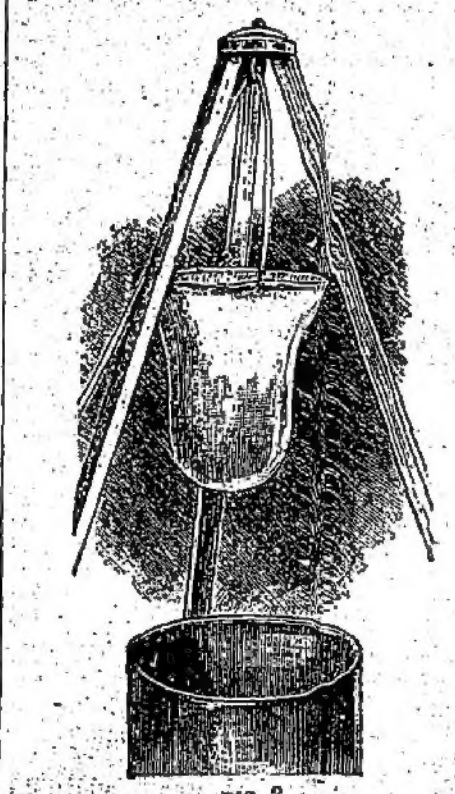


FIG 3.

the great drop now permanently hanging which is almost exactly the same in shape as the water-drop at the point of rupture. I shall now let the water run out by means of a syphon, and then the drop slowly contracts again. Now in this case we clearly have a heavy liquid in an elastic bag, whereas in the drop of water we have the same liquid but no bag that is visible. As the two drops behave in almost exactly the same way, we should naturally be led to expect that their form and movements are due to the same cause, and that the small water-drop has something holding it together like the india-rubber you now see.

(To be Continued.)

A HINT TO STAMP BEGINNERS.

Bottled mucilage should never be used to put stamps into an album because it discolors the stamps. Stamps should not be spoiled by gumming them down solid to the book. Fix them by hinges made of gummed paper. These can be bought at any dealer's, or you can make them yourself. To do this you require four ounces gum-arabic. This you can purchase at any drug store. Dissolve it in water till it becomes a gummy substance. Get a thin piece of paper linen, if possible, and also a sponge, and give the paper a thin coat. After it is dry it can be cut any size you wish.

A collection mounted in this way can be moved without damage to either stamps or album. Portraits of rulers, flags, and coats of arms beautify an album very much.

It does not pay to buy a cheap album, because in these there is such a poor quality of paper that a stamp cannot be removed without tearing the paper, thus spoiling the whole page. Many collectors make this mistake, and regret that they had not purchased a good one at the start.—*Edgar D. C. Jones, in Harper's Young People.*

HELPFULNESS.

When an afternoon full of games has left the nursery in great disorder, Bessie and Gertrude have one very last game to play, called 'Helpfulness.'

Bessie invented it.

On separate slips of paper are written the names of the principal things in the room,—floor, chairs, rug, bookcase, bureau, closets, sofa, corners, tables, window-sills and desk,—the slips of paper shuffled about, backs up.

Each person 'playing' draws one in turn till all are taken, putting in order that part of the room or piece of furniture named. and when the game is done, behold the room neat and fresh again.—*Companion.*

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noontide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,
And over the cool, wet brink
The heads of the thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads,
As the horses come and go,
The 'Gift of Three Little Sisters'
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters;
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each thirsty creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone—
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of that precious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be
For the cup of water poured by them
When they were children three.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

TURKISH HOSPITALITY.

The Rev. J. A. Ainslie, a missionary to Mosul, writes:—'On landing at Alexandretta, our passports were called for. I attended the baggage to the "Customs," while the ladies went to the khan. As some keys were missing, I went to the khan for them, and there left my knapsack, which contained my Bible.

'Returning to the "Customs," I opened my trunk and valise for inspection. The officers hunted out every book and printed piece of paper, taking them all out to send to Aleppo for examination. All our Bibles (except the one left at the khan,) old railway guides and time tables, catalogues of the British Museum, old papers, as well as children's picture books, with the books we were reading by the way, all of them were taken. I took our agent afterward, and tried to get some of them back, but could do nothing. I learned afterward that they treated us no worse than others. When Dr. Fuller came, a few days later, they took away from him every book they could find, and even searched his person. They also proposed taking away his letters of credit and some letters in his pocket.'

AT A LATER DATE.

'Our goods are allowed free of duty, but our agent at Alexandretta sends word here that he paid on our boxes something like sixty or seventy dollars duty. I do not understand why such a charge has been made. He also writes that our boxes of books had been sent to Aleppo for examination. I expected that, and can only hope that they may get through.

'He also writes me that there is a printing press in one of our boxes, and that printing presses are forbidden in Turkey. I suppose he refers to my type-writer. He has sent to our Consular agent in Aleppo, asking if it may come into the country. Meanwhile my poor little type-writer waits at the Custom House, a dangerous instrument as the Turks regard it. We hear nothing of the books taken from us at Alexandretta.'

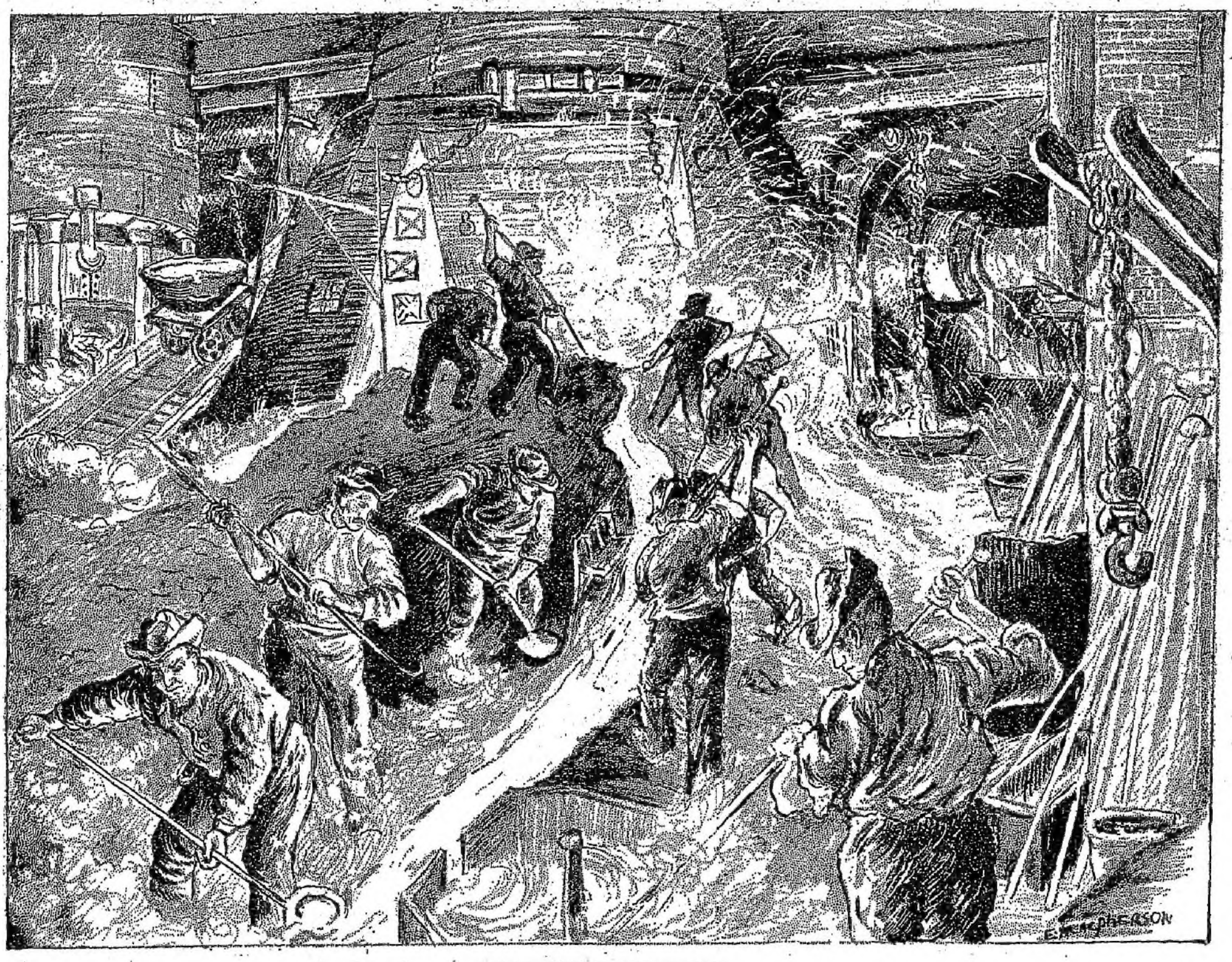
Well well, well! What sort of government must it be which stands in such fear of treason that it considers it needful to confiscate even the baby picture books! Poor lonely babies, with never a picture of Puss, Wag, or Mrs. Biddy left them! The thing would be, indeed, laughable were it not so aggravating.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A BLACK COUNTRY BLAST FURNACE.

If you want to see life and action as you have never seen it before go and see a blast furnace in full sway. With only black ink we can give you no idea of the magnificent blaze of color you would see if you were on the spot. So you must just put on your very biggest thinking cap and imagine yourself there. Some of the largest blast furnaces in the world are in Birmingham, the great iron manufacturing city of England. No trade, says a recent writer, has been more affected by the introduction of scientific methods. The ancient ironmasters were unable to work any but the richest and purest ores, the magnetic oxides and hematites. The price and quantity of the ores produced in the North Riding of Yorkshire, their value being about 2s. 11d. per ton, and the quantity produced over five and a half millions of tons, show that we are now able to work very poor and very impure material. The ancient ironmasters obtained iron and steel by simply heating the purest obtainable oxides of iron with an easily prepared nearly pure form of carbon—namely, wood charcoal. Their furnaces were of very simple construction, merely a hearth or fireplace in which the ore and the charcoal were mixed together, and a blast applied to obtain the necessary high temperature. Such simple ironmaking is still practised in India, Burma, Borneo, and China.

Modern blast-furnaces are hollow towers ranging from thirty or forty to nearly a hundred feet in height, and with internal capacities varying from 500 cubic feet to upwards of 25,000. The smallest furnaces are those used for smelting the richest and purest ores with charcoal; and, generally speaking, the poorer the ores the larger the furnaces until we reach the maximum in the Cleveland district of the North Riding of Yorkshire, the metropolis of which is Middlesborough. Externally the furnaces are ringed with stout iron to brace all the masonry together. Internally the furnace is lined with firebricks or other fire-resisting material, the thickness of this lining, or shirt, increasing downwards as the heat increases. Between the shirt and outer brick or stone work an annular space is usually left which is filled with loose sand or fragments of slag to allow for the shrinking or expansion of the interior. The larger furnaces have a double lining with such space surrounding each. We need not here enter into details of the difference of the furnaces and of the interior till the *tuyeres* is reached. This word is from the French *tuyere*, and is freely translated in the districts round Birmingham as the 'two irons,' as it consists of two iron tubes. The outer one is surrounded by a lining of flowing water in order to save it from fusion. It is through this that the blast passes in. Below is the crucible where the melted metal rests on the hearth, and which the artist has shown at the moment of tapping. The gallery, or 'charging plate,' is connected with a hydraulic lift by which the charge is raised to the level of the throat. Other devices are used, such as inclined planes, and some furnaces are built at the side of a steep hill, with the throat nearly on the level of the hill top. The materials charged into the furnace are ore, fuel and flux, varying in proportion with the composition of the ore.

What results is of the nature of a series of chemical changes, and when these are completed fusion speedily occurs in the rapidly contracting region of the furnace, and, finally, the whole contents of the furnace, excepting those which are converted into gases and escape from the top, are liquified, and fall into the crucible as two distinct fluids, the melted crude iron and the cinder or slag. The latter floats about the metal, and runs out over a dam by a specially constructed orifice. While thus covering the iron, it protects the metal from oxidation, and this continues until the metal accumulates sufficiently to reach the 'cinder notch' of the dam. When this occurs the furnace is tapped—that is, a plug which stopped a channel-hole at the bottom of the crucible is removed, and the molten crude iron flows in a glowing stream down long channels in a bed of sand. Side channels of a moderate length branch out on each side of the main channels, as near to each other as possible, and these are filled with the iron. In the picturesque language of the Black Country, the main channel is called the 'sow,' and the smaller branching channels the 'pig,' and hence our 'pig-iron.'



A BLACK COUNTRY BLAST FURNACE.

DON'T ARGUE.

I don't think any good is done to those who have sceptical tendencies, and reluctance to accept the Scripture as the word of God, to argue with them about real or supposed errors in the Bible. If they are in earnest, and anxious for rest on this subject, find out whether they have any dealings with God about religion, and believe in prayer. Dr. Arnold was written to by a lady, who being much in company with sceptical persons was troubled on the subject, and would like him to suggest some book or books, that might help her. He replied that he would recommend her first to carry the matter to God, and tell Him plainly the difficulties she felt, and seek light from Him, and when she had done this to write him again. She did so, and wrote a letter of warm thanks for his advice, saying it was the very thing she needed, and the effect had been that, though she had not got rid of her difficulties, she had got rid of all difficulty about them, and could calmly wait either to get them solved, or leave them unsolved. 'Then,' replied Dr. Arnold, 'I will recommend you a book (or books, I forget this,) as you are now in the right attitude for profiting by them.'

THE DEBT OF SCIENCE TO MISSIONS.

In setting forth the debt of science to Mission, Archdeacon Farrar offers these interrogatories, with their answers: 'Is it nothing that through their labors in the translation of the Bible the German philologist in his study may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of two hundred and fifty languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in Central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceania and America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Singar Fu? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A church missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A Presbyterian missionary.

WHEN WE BEGIN to exhaust the atmosphere by breathing it, it will be time enough to trouble ourselves about God's grace giving out.

'HIS LIKENESS YOU SHALL SEE.'

'HIS LIKENESS YOU MAY SEE.'

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

My boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,
And just about your years:
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth:
The trial that he must bear,
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,
He faces boldly—and like a ghost,
It vanishes in air.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit or his maddest prank
Can never cause a pang.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,
I love him all the same.

With high, brave heart, perform your part,
Be noble and kind as he:
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
Fresh from glad dreams before your glass,
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What, you think there is not
A boy like him—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?—
But you have the power to make him real,
And clothe him to our eyes!

'ME DIE FOR MISSIONARY.'

BY REV. DR. JOHN G. PATON.

When I went to Ambrym three years ago (1890)—at that side of the island where there is no missionary—we saw the people on the shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go near, and whenever we approached them, they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they continued doing this. At last two lads came off in canoes, with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called out—

'You missionary?'

'Yes, I am a missionary.'

'You true missionary?'

'Yes.'

'You no got revolver?'

I bared my body and showed that I had none.

'You no come steal boys or women?'

'No, we have come to tell you about God.'

Therefore he shouted—

'Yes. Me savvy (know) you! You true missionary. You bring Missi Gordon who come here long, long ago.'

I said 'yes,' and with one rush the two lads came in their canoes, and leaped into our boat, calling ashore—

Missi! Missi! Missi!' and something else that we did not understand. The cry was taken up and echoed throughout the whole island—you heard it everywhere—

'Missionary! Missionary!'

The people laid aside their weapons and we soon landed—the natives rushing into the surf and taking the boat up on the bench.

As soon as I got out I saw a painted, forbidding looking savage making towards me. I kept my eye on him, for I did not know what he was after.

He seized me by the arm, exclaiming in burning, broken accents—

'Me die for missionary. Me want a missionary. Me no got a missionary. Me die for missionary.'

Oh, how the iron entered into my soul, as I felt the grip of that poor savage, and heard his pleading cry—for, alas! we had no means of helping him.

I said, 'We cannot give you a missionary.'

'Do, do, do! he said looking appealingly at the young men with us.' I said they were for another island.

'No. You stop long o' me. Me die; me die; me want a missionary to teach me.'

If God's dear people could have heard and seen him with their own ears and eyes then, how soon his desire would have been fulfilled!

At length we went to the boat; and he said—

'When you come with missionary?'

I said, 'We cannot for a year.'

'Oh,' he pleaded, 'not say twelve months. Me want missionary; me die for missionary. Not say year.'

Three weary years have passed, and we have not one for them yet.

Such is the desire on many islands. Oh, to enter with the gospel and see its blessed effects!

THE BLACK BOTTLE.

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* tells the following true story, which it says, 'would fitly adorn a temperance lecture.'

Happening into a millinery store, the reporter noticed a lady buying a hat for her little girl. The child made herself sociable with him, and remarked, prattling artlessly.

'We dots lot o' money now.'

'When did you get it, my little girl?'

'Papa broke de bottle.'

This called for some explanation on the mother's part, and she finally related how her intemperate husband had been reformed five years before, at the time their oldest boy died. This is the tale she told, beginning—as the story of many a reformed life has begun—at a loved one's death bed.

The little fellow slowly turned his eyes towards his father and said: 'I'm going to die, papa, for the angels are calling for me. This is Christmas morning, papa; please let me see what Santa Claus put in my stocking.'

My husband went to the mantel and took down the little stocking. It was empty. He stood still and stared at it for a minute, and God only knows the agony of his heart in that short time. He turned to speak, but our boy would not have heard him had the poor man's heart allowed him utterance. Our boy was dead!

The day before New Year's day my husband called for the whiskey bottle. May God forgive my feelings at that minute, for I wished that he, too, were dead. I obeyed him mechanically.

To my surprise, he took the bottle in his hands, and pouring the whiskey on the ground said, 'I will drink no more; and the money I would spend for whiskey we will put into this bottle, and all enjoy its contents.'

You can imagine how happy I was! He had sworn off many a time before, but I knew he was in earnest this time. We made a calculation and estimated that whiskey cost him five dollars a week.

Well, it was decided to put a five dollar bill a week in the bottle for five years, come what would. The time was out last New Year's day, and the big black bottle was broken and it contained thirteen hundred dollars. But this was not all. We saved enough in that time, outside of the bottle, to buy a little home.

'But are you not afraid, in breaking the bottle your husband will break his resolution?'

'No; because we have started another bottle-bank,' said the lady with a happy smile.

The husband is a Macon mechanic, well known and enjoys the respect and esteem of all. He says he never knew how much genuine pleasure there was at home with his loved ones until he got sober enough to appreciate it, and fill instead of empty the fat black bottle.

AFTER DARK, THE STARS.

A tired child, restless, as the night came on,
Wond'ring at twilight where the day had gone,
Watched at the window with a weary sigh,
Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky.

'Why don't they come, mamma?' she questioning said:
Then looking up, 'Come, pretty stars,' she pled,
Deeper the shades of night around her grew,
While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last, with shout of joy, a star she spied.
'I see one now! Why not before?' she cried.
The mother kissed her eager lips and smiled:
'Because it was not dark enough, my child.'

So shine the eternal stars in sorrow's night:
The deepest gloom but serves to show their light,
Take courage then, O heart that most hath bled,
God's stars of hope are shining overhead.

ANNA C. GORDON.

PICKED VIOLETS.

BY MARY SELDEN M'COBB

One rises early on her birthday when one is fifteen years old, especially if there are sure to be gifts on the breakfast table. But though Patty Arbuthnot came skipping down stairs betimes, her father and mother were before her. As she opened the dining-room door, she heard the latter say;

'For our baby is almost a woman, Robert. It is time that she assumed responsibilities.'

'True enough, mamsey!' cried Patty, throwing her arms about her little mother.

'When a 'baby' is half a head taller than her pro-gen-i-tress, she ought to be trusted. Oh, thank you, daddy dear, for this gold pencil! And—what a queer book! Russia-leather binding? "Cash Account?" "Patience Arbuthnot from her mother." And here's poetry on the fly-leaf.

'Violets once picked,
The sweetest showers
Can ne'er make bloom again."'

Patty paused with the account-book in her hand, her father held out a crisp five-dollar bill.

'Your mother says you are to "assume responsibilities"—that's the phrase, I believe. We'll begin easy, daughterling.'

Patty's look grew even more puzzled.

'You are henceforth to have a regular monthly allowance, Patty,' said her mother. 'Every woman should know the real value of money, and should be able to handle it wisely, whether she have more or less. There's no better way of discovering just how much and how little a dollar can be made to buy than to have control of a hundred cents. This five dollars which daddy will advance every month must keep you in gloves and candy and pay your horse-car fares, and if you choose to give presents they can now be really your own gifts. You are responsible to no one but yourself for this five dollars. Use your wits, girlie, and make the money do its utmost.'

'Five dollars every month! Sixty dollars a year! It's a perfect fortune!' said Patty, much impressed.

'Let us hope it won't prove a misfortune,' said her father, smiling. 'Put all items down in your cash-book, and balance your accounts every month. If you come out square to a cent at the end of a year, with no "sundries" to fill up gaps, I'll give you an extra five dollars.'

I doubt if Patty tasted what she ate that morning. Her thoughts soared and sang far above oatmeal and omelet. She dusted the parlor as in a dream. Visions bright as the sunshine danced in her head. Five whole dollars every month! Five extra at the end of a year, if her accounts were square! Why should they not be square? What stupidity to spell the word 's-u-n-d-r-i-e-s!'

'Five dollars! I can do—this, and—this, and—that!'

Before the clock struck ten, Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled as she heard the front door open and spied Patty speeding down the walk.

'That five-dollar bill is burning a hole in a certain pocket,' remarked mamsey to herself. 'Well, so be it. Experience is the best teacher. There will probably be several conflagrations before Patty's purse is fire-proof.'

Elizabeth Niles, Patty's bosom friend, heard the good news with much sympathy.

'And the very first cent I spend shall be to treat you, Bess,' cried Patty, eagerly. 'Suppose we go to Pride's Corner and back on the new electric cars. Ten cents out, ten cents back. Excuse my writing it down in my cash-book. Fifteen cents apiece for ice-cream on our return.'

'Dear me how polite!' said Elizabeth, beaming.

The red electric car turned into a triumphal chariot as it sped along. The driver rang his gong in three sharp strokes, as he neared the crossings. 'Five dollars! five dollars!' clanged the bell. 'Five dollars! five dollars!' rattled the wheels, in a joyful rhythm.

The conductor looked respectfully amazed as the somewhat large bill was presented for two five-cent fares.

'And really four dollars ninety in change seems almost more than the original sum,' said Patty, rattling her purse gleefully.

"What I gave, that I have," quoted Elizabeth; and then slipping her arm through her friend's she proceeded to divulge a delightful plan which she had in mind for over a month.

'You see, Pat, we might start a sort of club, to be composed of girls who have regular allowances. I've hung back because you couldn't have been in it before to-day. You know papa gives me fifty cents a week. Fanny Danvers has two dollars paid fortnightly. The Bates twins have a monthly—stipend. I never could find out how much it is, they are so fearfully close-mouthed, those twins are. And there's Marcia Phillips. She's a regular story-book "heiress," and has what Farmer Hicks calls a gardeen. He's stingy with Marcia, and only pays her bills. When she's twenty-one, she's going to control her own property. I guess we can let her into the club, on account—well, because of her—prospects. We might call our society the G. A. C.—"Girls' Allowance Club." And I thought, Patty, we might read a book of political economy. We could get up some views and opinions, you know. Everybody has views nowadays.'

'I always did say that to posses money broadened one's horizon,' said Patty, solemnly. 'You start the club, Bess, and I'll buy some postal cards for the secretary to send out notices on. Suppose you run over and consult Fanny Danvers, while I go to the post-office.'

That was a good way to get rid of Elizabeth after the car jaunt and the ice-cream. For Patty remembered that her crony had expressed a great desire for a certain fan which matched a new pink cashmere gown. There was to be a tea party the very next evening, and, oh, how Elizabeth's eyes would shine when she read the words, 'For Bess, from Patty!'

Patty breathed a sigh of delight. 'If people who own a million get fun out of it in proportion, what "larks" they must have!' thought she.

'Two dollars?'

Patty gave a little gasp, in spite of her enthusiasm. She had not reckoned on the feathery trifle costing quite so much. But she could not resist those bewitching pink tips.

'I will economize on my gloves, she decided, and tucked the long narrow box under her arm.

Thus ran the first page in the new cash-book:

Received.	Spent.	
$5.	Car-fares	$ 20
	Ice-creams	30
	Fan	2 00
	Gloves	1 50
	Postal cards	25

Four dollars and a quarter gone already! In less than two hours! Patty added the columns up and added them down with the same result. She read the verse on the fly-leaf of her account book:

'Violets once picked,
The sweetest showers
Can ne'er make bloom again.'

'I suppose that's metaphorical!' mused Patty.

'"Money once spent,
The strongest wish
Can ne'er get back again."'

That's the translation.'

She shook her head, and her face was very sober.

'I had intended to spend something for—charity,' she pondered. 'I meant to make a flannel petticoat for a heathen. The material for that would wreck me—now.'

She raised her eyes sadly. Directly opposite, in shining gilt letters, glittered a sign:

Patty knew Mr. Brock. She had once dined at his house. A sudden inspiration seized her. She whisked into the store.

'Two yards of scarlet flannel,' she demanded, briskly. 'Fifty cents a yard? Very well. Please to charge it to me.'

The clerk eyed her doubtfully. The hot blood flew into Patty's cheeks. She drew herself up, and spoke with dignity and decision.

'I have a monthly allowance. In four weeks from this date I intend to—to—to liquidate all my debts. Mr. Brock knows me.'

'You would have supposed that the snipper-snapper of a clerk thought me penniless! But I stood firm, and he found he was not dealing with a beggar! Thus Patty depicted the scene to her peers at the first meeting of the G. A. C.

'I should never dare to charge anything,' said Fanny Danvers.

'That is the way real business is always done,' argued Elizabeth Niles, coming promptly to her friend's defence. 'We are sure to learn all about that when we get at our "political economy.' If you never have bills and things, what's the use of interest?' she ended, vaguely.

But one of the Bates twins had opinions. 'You're sure to come to grief if you run in debt,' she declared, stoutly.

But Elizabeth and Patty doggedly held their ground.

Since all but seventy-five cents of Patty's capital had already vanished, she gladly welcomed the proposition that each member of the club should pay her share for the postal cards. In fact, Patty was herself requested not to contribute, as the money did not come out even if six divided the twenty-five cents between them, and that was the price of the cards. So Patty hastened to present the society with one of her own pen-handles, which was worth 'more than five cents,' and, with alacrity, revised her accounts. She even thought of 'liquidating' her debt immediately. But as that would have left her exactly penniless, she concluded to let it stand.

'It would look so unbusinesslike to run up a bill one day and pay it the next! Besides, I need a new ribbon for my riding-whip.'

It also seemed quite necessary to have a pretty bit of coral which she owned set as a 'stick-pin.' That cost seventy-five cents; so Patty added thirty-five cents for ribbon to her bill at Dryton & Brock's.

Then, really, it seemed very small, not to say mean, to hoard the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, which was left on hand. So, for five consecutive mornings, Patty treated herself to a glass of soda-water, and revelled in a sense of wild extravagance.

That was the record in the Russia-leather cash-book.

A fortune? Five dollars a fortune? How had it been possible to think such nonsense? Never before had Patty experienced so many longings. Indeed, her 'horizon' had 'broadened.' It may be said to have become almost too extensive.

Accidentally Patty discovered that Fanny Danvers was in danger of breaking the tenth commandment, by reason of a desire for a 'miser's purse,' like Patty's own. The temptation to save a soul from the sin of coveting by 'charging' a spool of embroidery silk was irresistible. And if steel beads did cost sixty cents more, they were certainly 'worth their price,' so much handsomer was the purse when they were crocheted into its intricate meshes.

'Besides, what's thirty-five cents and sixty cents when they're charged!' reasoned Patty.

The G. A. C. flourished bravely. The meetings were enlivening. To be sure, the idea of reading 'political economy,' was abandoned, as the very first chapter was voted 'a dose.' But the girls met to talk over numberless matters. Pickled limes being considered a spur to conversation, each in turn agreed to supply the club with that luxury. The refreshment was sometimes varied by peanuts or taffy.

Now it was that Patty regretted her solitary 'orgies.' She could not confess to the club that she was absolutely bankrupt. She would not ask her father for more money.

She actually lay awake at night plotting and scheming a way to buy a box of caramels or some marsh-mallows.

So it happened that Mr. Arbuthnot came in from the stable one day, looking disturbed.

'Patty,' he said, 'what have you been doing to Puck? He looks as if he had been driven unmercifully.'

Patty winced. Puck was her own pony, and dear unto her soul. 'I let Tom Barry ride him,' she faltered.

She did not add that she had driven a bargain by which the said Thomas had paid fifteen cents for a two-hours' gallop, and that she had saved her reputation for generosity at the expense of Puck's slender legs.

(To be Continued.)

REWARDED.

'A rice merchant at Shanghai joined Dr. Yates's (Baptist) church. People said he would have to give up his business. At first he suffered somewhat by closing on Sundays; but some dealers from the country coming down in boats, if they arrived Saturday night or Sunday, would keep their cargo in their boats until Monday, to sell to him, because they said they could rely upon his word and his dealing truthfully with them; and his fidelity was rewarded even temporally by his greater than usual success.'—*Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.*

GARTH.

'Say, auntie, I'm twenty cents in debt,' said Garth Raymond, as he came and sat down in the easy-chair near the piano where Miss Mab Rawson was playing.

'Why, boy, how does that happen?'

'Well, I was over there playing tennis, and Rob Stone said, "Let's play for the soda water for the crowd,' and the boys and girls were all sitting around and I didn't know how to get out of it, so we played; just my luck. I had to go and get beaten and then I didn't have money enough, and I had to borrow it from one of the fellows, so there'—and he threw his hat across the room.

'I don't like that at all, Garth, it is a sort of gambling; and what right had Rob Stone to dictate how you should use your money?'

'Oh, that's all right, auntie. He would have treated if I had beaten him.'

'That doesn't make any difference. What right would you have had with his money? It isn't the question of who wins, it is the idea I don't like. Now you owe another boy money and you haven't any way of paying it until you earn it, or Brother Jo or I give you some,' and Aunt Mab looked very serious. Garth was an orphan and had come to live with his mother's brother and sister, who kept house in the old home. It was a lovely home. Auntie and uncle were still youthful enough to have jolly times with the older young people, while Garth's friends, or the 'gang' as he unceremoniously termed them, were always welcome.

Aunt Mab wanted Garth to have a good time, but above all she wanted him to 'be good' and to start life on a foundation of sound Christian principle.

'If I were you, Garth, I wouldn't play for any money or treat again, you are old enough to think that out for yourself. Now run and do that errand for Uncle Jo, and please pick up your hat from where it doesn't belong, and don't forget that Aunt Mab wants you to be the finest boy in town.'

The next afternoon the tennis grounds were covered with people, young and old. Mab Rawson was the centre of a group of young ladies and gentlemen, and was chatting gaily, when, suddenly she heard away across the field Rob Stone's voice calling out: 'Come on, here, Garth, let's try that again to-day, that soda water was first rate yesterday.'

A shadow came over Aunt Mab's face; she said quickly to those near, 'Excuse me a moment, I'm going over to see those young people play tennis,' and hurried off, reaching the court just in time to hear Garth's reply:

'No, fellows, I'm not a going to do it, I haven't the money, anyway, if I get beaten; some time when I have some cash of my own I'll invite you all to soda water, but I won't play for it. Aunt Mab says she doesn't believe in it, and what she says goes; besides, I myself don't think it's just the square thing.'

Mab's cheeks flushed in very sympathy for Garth, she knew it must have been dreadfully hard for him to have stood up there and said that before those boys and girls and she was proud of him; she also knew that twenty cents of the bright new quarter Uncle Jo had tossed to him the night before, when he came in from the office, must have gone to pay the debt and that Garth really had but five cents.

No one in the group had as yet noticed Miss Rawson and no one knew that she had heard what had been going on. She came nearer saying pleasantly, 'Playing tennis? That's right; it's a fine game. But have you all any plan for to-night? I want you early this evening if you haven't for Brother Jo and I have just bought a great big ice-cream freezer and we want to try it and have you sample the cream and see if it is good—before we invite in the older ones you know,' she added with a twinkle.

That night it was the universal verdict that Garth and his aunt and uncle were 'right in it.'

Several weeks later Garth was very anxious to get something to do at the World's Fair; some of the boys were there engaged in one thing or another and he thought he would like to be, so he went down to see if there was anything he could do in the short time that remained.

He came home the first night and threw himself on the lounge saying: 'I might just as well say I'm eighteen, auntie.'

'What do you mean by that Garth?'

'You see I want to get on the Special Service Corps and the boys say they think I can, only a fellow has to be eighteen. I look that old and when I told one of the men down there how old I really was, he said I was a liar.'

'But, Garth, that didn't make you one. Nobody can make you a liar but yourself. Oh, Garth, would you begin this first little business venture with a lie? If you do, you surely will end all wrong;' and the tears stood in Aunt Mab's eyes.

'No, auntie, I wouldn't,' cried Garth, jumping up and taking her face between his two hands—his favorite way of caressing his aunt—'I'm not going to, only it's pretty hard, you see. I got to-day all the recommendations I needed, and now, if I could pass the captain's and the doctor's questions, I'd be all right—only the captain is sure to ask me how old I am.'

The next morning, Garth stood, with some trepidation, in the captain's office and proceeded to answer his questions.

The captain was a pleasant man and said, kindly: 'That's all right so far; but now—how old are you?'

'I am fifteen, sir.'

'You look older than that, it's too bad, but I can't put you on under eighteen.'

Garth's lip almost quivered, and the captain saw it; putting a hand on his shoulder, he said:

'Look here, young boy, I have had my eye on you and hated to ask you that question almost as badly as you hated to answer it. I heard about you yesterday and the boys, last night, were wondering as to whether you would deceive me on your age. I knew your father, a good man, and I believe you are a professing Christian, yourself. I am glad you kept to the truth, my boy.'

That wasn't all, however, for the captain was instrumental in getting Garth another position much more suitable for a boy of his age, than the other would have been.

He got a chair to push at the rate of seventy-five cents a day, with ten percent of all that he took in. He enjoyed the two weeks immensely and used to entertain Aunt Mab and Uncle Jo with his accounts of some of the funny people he wheeled around the grounds.

If Garth keeps on in his truthful way, I think he will be a grand man some day, don't you?—*Keta Belle Parker, in Ram's Horn.*

MISSIONARY RAGS;

OR, WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

Looking through a missionary treasurer's reports I noticed this clause: 'Miss. Rags, 25 cents;' and I said to myself, 'That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either.' A little farther down the report I noticed again, 'Miss. Rags, 45 cents,' and thought, 'Why, there is a family of Rags in this town also.' But when I came to the third, 'Miss. Rags, 31 cents,' I then noticed that there was a period after the Miss, and then I saw that instead of it meaning a young lady, it was a short way of writing 'missionary.' I then understood that here and there someone had carefully put all the waste paper and rags, not into the fire, but into the rag-bag, and the money received from the rag man had been sent to the Missionary Society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question: 'What can boys and girls do for missionary money?'

On further study of the subject I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title missionary. I found Miss. Patchwork, Miss. Berries, Miss. Flowerseeds, and even Miss. Hens.

Two little girls in New England raised sage and sold enough to send three dollars to the missionary treasurer. One little girl gathers the eggs carefully, and says, 'Mother gives me one egg for every dozen I find, and when I have a dozen I sell them and put the money into the missionary box.' All over the country we find earnest, eager groups of boys and girls who have found that interest and enthusiasm belong to that strange class of which the more you give away the more you have left. 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.'—*American Paper.*

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THE SECOND PRIZE will be a fully illustrated book of Missionary biography.

THE CONDITIONS.

Careful attention to the conditions will save much trouble. The sketches must all be written on either note paper or quarter sheets of foolscap; must be written on one side of the sheet only, and contain not more than five hundred words. The pages must be numbered carefully at the right hand upper corner of the page with the *nom de plume* and age of the writer on the right hand upper corner of the first page. The pages must be pinned or tacked together at the left hand upper corner, and fastened in with them should be a sealed envelope, inscribed with the *nom de plume* of the sender and containing his or her full name and post-office address. The essays must not be folded or rolled, in mailing.

Every essay must be mailed not later than the first of April.

Address,

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OPPORTUNITY.

Twenty-six years ago a Presbyterian clergyman of Nova Scotia, the Rev. John Morton, while on a search for health, visited the island of Trinidad, and seeing the needs of the coolies there, when he went home he persuaded his church to send him to the place as a missionary. There are about 80,000 of these coolies. They are Hindus who are engaged for a term of five years to work on the sugar plantations. Another missionary followed Dr. Morton, and now Trinidad is a most interesting mission station. At present the church there has five missionaries, besides native teachers and preachers. There is also a college for training such men. About $3,000 was given last year by the native church, which numbers about 600 members.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET states the fact that in one district in Liverpool, in which are no saloons, there is but one pauper to every 1,000 inhabitants. In another district, in which are 200 saloons, there is one pauper to every 28 inhabitants.

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